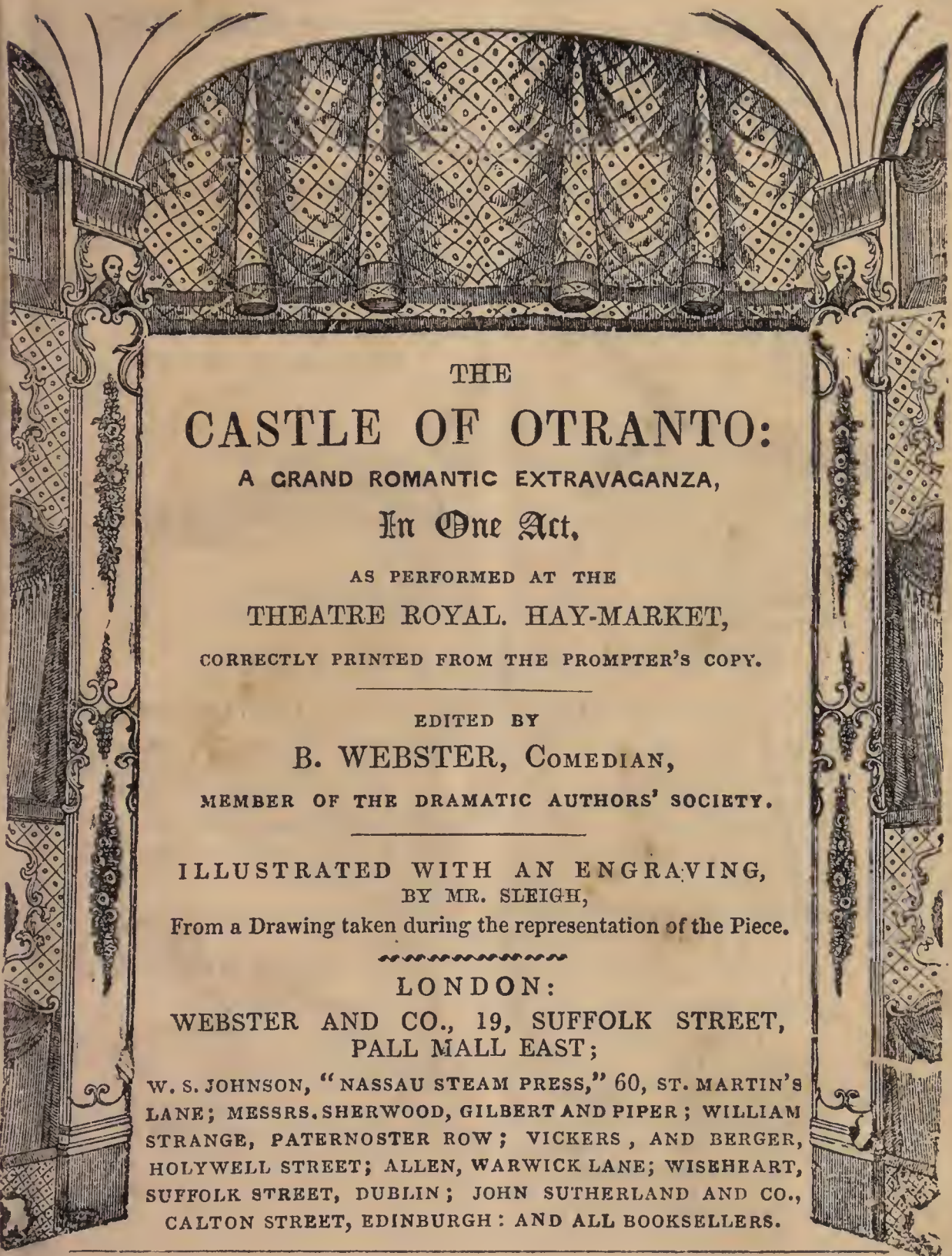


WEBSTER'S ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.



THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO:

A GRAND ROMANTIC EXTRAVAGANZA,

In One Act,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL. HAY-MARKET,

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING,
BY MR. SLEIGH,

From a Drawing taken during the representation of the Piece.

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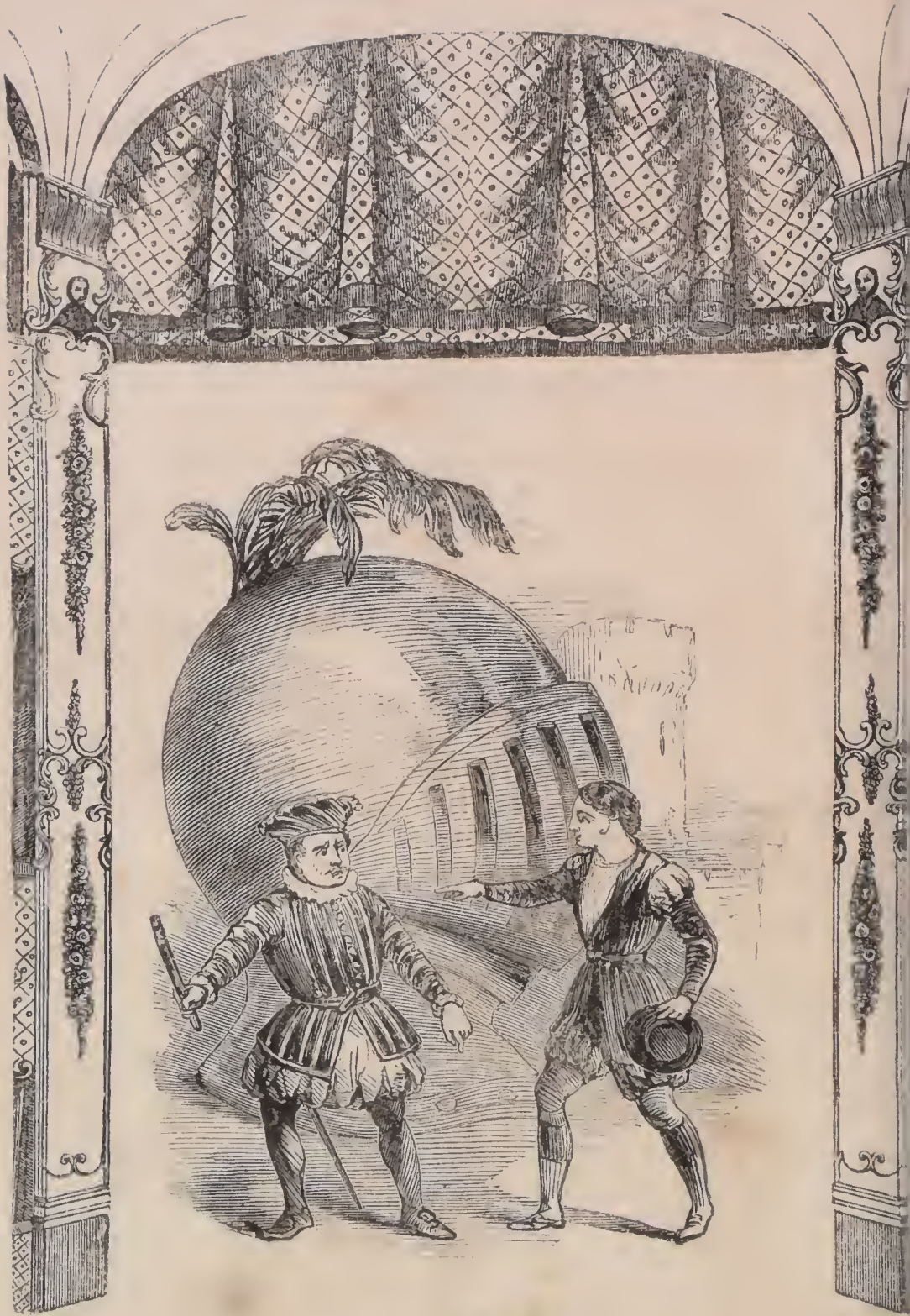
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SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING BY MR. SLEIGH,

From a Drawing taken during the Representation.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND COSTUME.

First performed Monday, April 24, 1848.

- MANFRED. — Scarlet velvet shape, trimmed
with gold, red pants., velvet cap, trimmed
with gold and white feather } Mr. KEELEY.
- MARQUIS VINCENZA.—A crimson velvet
surtout coat, gold armour arms and legs,
gold helmet } Mr. J. BLAND.
- THEODORE.—Drab tabard jacket and trunks,
trimmed with blue.—(2nd dress). White sur-
tout coat, with armour arms and legs } Miss P. HORTON.
- ODONTO.—White serge shape, black trowsers.. Mr. CAULFIELD.
- HIPPOLITA.—Rich brocaded satin, with velvet
head dress and veil } Mrs. W. CLIFFORD.
- ISABELLA. — White silk dress, pink satin
petticoat and veil..... } Miss REYNOLDS.
- MATILDA.—Amber and silver dress and veil .. Mrs. CAULFIELD
- CHORUS.—Velvet dresses trimmed with gold.
- FOUR SERVANTS.—Blue tabard jackets trimmed blue with yellow
trunks.
- SIX KNIGHTS.—Green velvet surcoats, steel armour legs, & helmets.
- CHORUS.—Handsome shapes with hats and feathers.
- THIRTEEN GUARDS.—Blue and red striped dresses trimmed silver,
yellow hats, red feathers, black shoes, yellow pants., white ruffs.
- GRANDFATHER.—A suit of Armour.
-

Time of representation, one hour and twenty minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance right. S.E.L. second entrance, left. S.E.R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U.E R. upper entrance, right. C. Centre. L.C. left centre. R.C. right centre. T.E.L. third entrance, left. T.E.R. third entrance, right. Osberving, you are supposed to face the audience.

THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

SCENE I.—*Great Hall in MANFRED's Castle, where MANFRED, HIPPOLITA, MATILDA, with GUESTS, are met, to celebrate the marriage of ISABELLA with the youthful CONRAD.*

OPENING CHORUS.

AIR—"The Bridal Polka."

Bid them merrily the bells to ring—the bells to ring,
And learn some chorus of joy to sing—joy to sing,
Give us trifles, cake, et cetera—cakes, et cetera—cakes, &c.
Nothing really could be betterer—could be, &c.—could
be, &c.

Man. My friends, my guests, my visitors, and vassals!
Your rich attire, adorned with gold and tassels,
Tells me you wish your very best to wear,
To grace the marriage of my son and heir—
My youthful Conrad!

Hip. Oh, my lord, I dread—
He's not yet sixteen summers o'er his head—
He's far too young for marriage!

Man. Don't talk stuff!
I say that sixteen summers are enough;
Time flies, you know; thro' life one quickly flings
One's sixteen summersets, after sixteen springs.

Hip. 'Tis my maternal tenderness that speaks:
As yet no whiskery down adorn his cheeks.

Man. I'll hear no more! talk not of down to me—
The boy's as downy as a boy need be.
I hate to see a face with hair all rough—
It makes the owner look a regular muff.
You shall not, madam, beard me to my face—
You know I must perpetuate my race;
My hopes are centred in an only son:
I expect from you no heirs—so let's have none.

Hip. This is unkind indeed!

Mat. My dear papa,
You've regularly flurried poor mamma :
See how she weeps.

Man. If she's no kerchief, get her one.
Tears! nonsense! let her dry her eyes, the wetter-un.
Madam, this leakiness dislikes me! stop it!

Hip. My Lord, this tear *must* fall!

Man. Be quick, and drop it.
Where's the fair bride, the Lady Isabella?
Is she aware I wait?—did no one tell her?

Enter ISABELLA, L.

Isa. (comes forward.) Your lordship's pleasure I attend.

Man. That's right.

Two noble families we shall unite :
You represent Vincenza's famous line ;
Otranto's principality is mine ;—
This wedding blends the two. You're looking well—
'Pon honor! Isabella is-a-belle!
(*Aside.*) That joke's the very holdest of the hold ones :
But women, somehow, don't detect the old ones ;
They fancy, p'r'aps, 'gainst their own age 'twould tell,
If an old joke they seem'd to know too well—
I'll try—(*aloud to Isa.*) That *jeu-de-mot* was stale, tho'
clever—
You've heard it?

Isa. No I never—(*to Hip.*) Did you ever?

Man. Of course she has, with flattery don't fill her,
By Jove! she's a contemporary of Miller.

Isa. My Lord, you're too severe, away she'll pine.

Man. (sarcastically.) Oh no, her tears keep her preserved in
brine.

But where's young Conrad? This delay is idle—

His horse this morn was saddled for the bridal.

Has no one seen him?

[*Music.*

Enter ODONTO, L., in great haste, panting furiously.

How now, sirrah! 'sdeath!

If you don't quickly find use for your breath

I'll rid you of it; if your life you'd save,

Raise your exhausted wind, asthmatic slave!

Odo. The court-yard—oh! (*pointing off.*)

Man. Are the times out of joint?

Of all that pointing, tell me, what's the point?

Say on! Those motions of the hand imply

You've had a finger in some fearful pie!

Odo. The court-yard!—oh! the court-yard!

Man. What's the matter?

You cannot speak a word, tho' your teeth chatter.

My friends, to treat you thus seems rather hard,

But there's a row in the adjacent yard:

Now is the time for every rank and station,

To join in a tremendous demonstration!

I must away! those who would follow me

As special constables, sworn in may be.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

AIR—"Scots wha hae."

Man. Specials, who'd by me be led,
Specials, who, ere going to bed,
Would deal out a broken head,
After taking tea;—

Who for order and for law,
Wooden staff would boldly draw,
Hit Rebellion on the raw,—
Let him follow me!

Isa. } Don't excite yourself, papa!

Mat. } Think how passionate you are!

If by chance you went too far,

Think how sad 'twould be!

Man. Would you have us coward slaves—
Frightened by a pack of knaves?
No, my Specials! get your staves—
Come! and die with me!

Cho. We will not be coward slaves,
Frightened by a pack of knaves,
All we Specials have our staves—
Come! and die with he!

[During the chorus MANFRED marshals the VISITORS
and VASSALS, as Special Constables, and, at the
end of the chorus, exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II.—The Court Yard of the Castle.—In the centre,
a gigantic Helmet, with an enormous bunch of Black Fea-
thers waving above it.

TENANTS, in consternation, are seen trying to raise
the Helmet.—MANFRED rushes on frantically,
followed by GUESTS, &c.—ODONTO, L. E.

Man. Why what is this? Oh, I see thro' the matter,
A trick played by some advertising hatter,
I'd lay a guinea to that helmet's crown,
That some audacious tradesman of the town
Has smuggled this affair into the yard,
As a vile trick, to bore me with his card.

Odo. Would it were only that—Conrad, your son—

Man. Out with it—tell me—what's he been and done?

Odo. Sir, he's been no where, but he's done for here;
Within that monster casque you'll find his bier.

Man. You're joking, knave! if he's beneath that hat,
His bier, by this time, must be precious flat!
I'll not believe it! no, my life upon it!
No one wou'd dare my Conrad thus to bonnet.
But stay!—has any body got a lever
To give a lift to this gigantic beaver?

[*The Helmet is raised at the back; MANFRED looks under it.*]

Alas! he speaks the truth—my son lies low,
Poor little chap, under this great *chapeau*.
My Conrad gone!—this is a sad disaster,
The die is cast, by this unlucky castor!
Can no one tell me how or whence it came?
Is there no ticket with the hatter's name?
If I knew grief before, this hat has capped it,—
My boy, crush'd 'neath this hated nap, has napped it!

Odo. Nay, don't take on, my lord.

Man. But, by-the-bye,
Whence came this helmet? dropp'd it from the sky?
I've heard of raining pitchforks, dogs, and cats,
But ne'er saw—over head—a shower of hats!
Can it be from the stars?

Odo. My gracious master!
No doubt you're right—Pollux has dropp'd his Castor!
[*Exit L.*]

[*A noise is heard outside, and THEODORE is dragged in by some VASSALS, R.*]

Man. What noise is that? there seems no end of fuss to-day.

The. My lord, your vassals took me into custody
Because they knew me not.

Man. In times of dangers,
They're very right to keep their eye on strangers.

The. I see your meaning, but the act I'd scout,
If I'm a propagandist turn me out,

Of hospitality who makes abuse—
 For propaganda is a proper goose!
 A simple youth—I boast not of my wits,
 And yet I know the head which the cap fits.

Man. You think yourself, no doubt, a very quick one—
 The head which that cap fits, must be a thick one!

The. It may be so, my lord—but I could swear,
 The helmet fits Alphonso to a hair,
 If by his statue I'm allowed to judge—
 What's the opinion of your lordship?

Man. Fudge! (*contemptuously.*)

The. Nay, of the likeness I a bet would make—

Man. Villain! thou liest—(*checking himself*)—under a mis-
 take!

Bronze figures can't take off their hats you know,
 A statue must remain in *statu quo*!

The. I don't see why your lordship should go on so,
 Suppose it is the helmet of Alphonso?

Man. Suppose me no supposes—by St. Nicholas!
 The notion makes me laugh—'tis so ridiculous!

SONG.—THEODORE.

AIR—"On yonder rock."—*Fra Diavolo.*

On yonder Monster Statue
 That Helmet you might once behold;
 But if the truth might now be told,
 Bare is his head and cold.
 I see, by looking at you,
 Upon my word you doubt would throw:
 But whoe'er would insult me so,
 I'll tell him where to go—
 Tremble! each one my word denying,
 I'll surely send him flying
 To Old Bogie.

[*ODONTO runs in out of breath.*]

Man. How now! what means this haste? some news, I
 guess,

By special engine, for the daily press?
 Speak it!—for everything may now be true,
 Has Hampstead fraternised with Timbuctoo?
 Nothing would now surprise me—has Stoke Pogis
 Arm'd, to restore the old Venetian Doges?

The. Has the Arcade of Lowther played the fool,
 And wildly hurl'd the beadle from his stool?
 Is business at a stand—are all the toys
 Seized, by those thorough communists, the boys?

Odo. Much worse than that!

Man. You are too slow by half—

I'd have thee an electric telegraph!

Yct, no!—for tho' its news like lightning flies,

It's got a dreadful trick of telling lies!

I've been surprised—hearing it's awful whackers—

Electric fluid should descend to crackers!

Now, let me know the latest news in town;

What's up?—or, rather, I should say, what's down?

Odo. Alphonso's monster statue.

Man. Yes—I know!

Odo. The one that got so quizzed some time ago—

The one they placed at such an egregious height,

Trying in vain to put it out of sight!

That statue I just happened to behold,

And there Alphonso sits, all in the cold,

Without a bit of helmet on his head!

The. Now don't that tally in with what I said?

Man. (*fiercely enraged.*) I see it all!

The. What's all this rage about?

Man. (*drawing his sword.*) Thou would'st draw in?

The. But why should'st thou draw out?

Man. You've slain my son!

The. I slew him!—that's too good!

Pray, if I'd wished it, tell me how I could?

He's smother'd, 'neath the helmet, as you see—

You won't attempt to hang that hat on me!

Man. The fact is clear—we must of course presume

You stole the helmet from Alphonso's tomb.

The. False is your charge—the helmet's weight will prove it!

Pickford himself wouldn't attempt to move it!

Man. From such defence as that, young man, forbear—

Pickford, you know, is neither here nor there:

You may possess some necromantic plan,—

In this great move, mischief has led the van!

The. Count, you speak false!

Man. An insult!—oh, of course—

No sorcerer can be at a loss for sauce!

Indifferent to me the words you utter,

Were you to fill mine ears with sauce or butter—

With fulsome compliment—or gross abuse—

The same effect on me it would produce.

The. My lord, your threats I spurn!

Man. Imposter vile! [*to his Attendants.*]

Quick! roof him in with that mysterious tile—

He cannot say I wish to put him down,

For see, I give him a place—under the crown!

[*The Attendants force THEODORE, under the Helmet, to a CHORUS.*

DUET AND CHORUS.

- Cho.* Seize him, squeeze him, with the helmet cover him;
 Force him in, toss him in, hold him tight;
 Smash him, dash him, with the helmet cover him;
 If he lies till he dies—serve him right!
- Man.* Drag him hence, the juvenile offender;
 Death to him who lets the rascal go.
- The.* You've a heart that's anything but tender.
 But some day I'll come and let you know.
- Cho.* Seize him, squeeze him, &c.

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the Castle of Otranto.*

Enter HIPPOLITA, ISABELLA, and MATILDA, R.

SONG—ISABELLA.

AIR—"Nacqui al' rimbombo."—*La Figlia.*

'Mid battlements dusty, and parchments all musty,
 Well might I turn crusty, to think of my fate;
 None to defend us, from dangers tremendous,
 How awful our state!
 There's the Baron so surly;
 Who for us would fight;
 Of his black wig so curly,
 I can't bear the sight.
 There's the Baron so surly, &c.

- Hip.* This is sad news indeed! My only boy!
 His father's, mother's, everybody's joy!
 No more, when we've got company to dine,
 Shall he come in to have a glass of wine!
 No more shall I affectionately make
 For him, to take to school, the seedy cake!
 My son is dead!
- Mat.* Alas! my dearest mother,
 Tho' you have lost one child, you've got another.
- Hip.* Your speech restores me. Ah! my beauteous bird,
 There's sal volatile in every word.
 Your soothing tone my spirits quite exalts—
 My hartshorn!—in a word, my Glauber salts!
- Isa.* Can I console you, madam?

Hip. (*crosses to c.*) Thank you—no.
I'm like French funds just now—extremely low.

Enter ODONTO, L.

Odonto! how's your master?—tell me truly—
How does he bear our loss?

Odo. Why, rather coolly.

Hip. He but conceals his anguish;—let me rush
And blend my tears with his in mutual gush.

Odo. You can't, my lady, for my master's eye
Is like a weather glass at verv dry;
While, on the contrary, 'tis very plain
Your weather eye would indicate much rain.

Hip. Well, well, to comfort him I'll do my best,
And shed my tears in torrents on his breast.

Odo. Tho' such an act might be a proof of love,
A shower bath of the kind he'd not approve.
In fact, my lady, he has bid me say,
He'll not require your company to-day;
But that young lady he would like to see.

Isa. Why, bless the man, what can he want with me?

Hip. Go, by all means I read his feelings quite,
Of me, or 'Tilda, he can't bear the sight.

Mat. As members of the family, you see,
We should revive his grief.

Hip. Ah, as for me,
My presencc I've good cause, alas! to know,
Has been too much for him some time ago.

Isa. At your request I go; but I must own
I don't like meeting gentlemen alone.

DUET.—MATILDA and ISABELLA.

AIR.—“Behold how brightly breaks the Morning,”—*Masaniello.*

Isa. } Mamma, 'tis vain to think of mourning,

Mat. } The poor young lad is gone—
So don't take on.

He left, 'tis true, without the slightest warning,
But pray don't cry;

Oh! dry your eye;

What can't be cured must be endured.

His life you know was not insured,

So onward pray look,

She speaks like a book;

So pray don't cry,

Come dry your eye:

What can't be cured must be endured.

SCENE IV.—*Picture Gallery in the Castle of Otranto.—Portrait of MANFRED'S Grandfather, in a massive frame, adorns the wall.*

MANFRED *discovered, pacing the apartment.*

Man. I wonder if she'll come—or if she wont—
What if she does?—but ah! what if she don't?
My stern command can never be withstood.
Suppose she shouldn't—ah! but if she should?

Enter ISABELLA, preceded by servant, with a light, l.

Ha! she is here! (*to servant.*) Hence! worst of Goths
and Vandals!

Out with that light!—I didn't ring for candles.

[*Dismisses servant unceremoniously, who retires hastily.—He then speaks to ISABELLA with much confusion.*]

Young lady, I believe—that is—you know,
I begged you'd come—or rather—yes—just so—
I wish'd to have this meeting, you're aware—
But *apropos* of meeting, take the chair.

[*hands her to the only seat.*

Isa. My lord, I'm here at your request.

Man. (*confused.*) That's true :
And I would say—that is—pray—how d'ye do?

Isa. While others mourn, I must of course be sad.

Man. What! still lamenting that unhappy lad?
But tears are vain! You act a foolish part,
Making yourself a human water cart.
If you persist, your eyes I may compare
To certain fountains in a certain Square;
If they were black, the simile, pet of pets,
Would hold, because they'd be a pair of jets.

Isa. My lord, this seems like levity.

Man. What folly!

Besides, if I am jovial, you're *tres jolie*.
Conrad was quite unworthy of your love.

Isa. That was a point which time alone could prove.

Man. He was a sickly, weakly, puny spoony;
His frame was fragile, and his mind was moony.

Isa. My lord, your words, to say the least, are funny;
What's moony?

Man. Moony! anything but sunny.

His health was wretched : twice a day he quaffed
 Two table-spoonfuls of a tonic draft ;
 In fact, of labels I could shew a score,
 Marked, " Master Conrad, powder as before."
 Why should you love an urchin, who had *raley*
 Become so weakly he was dying daily ?

Isa. This consolation is no doubt well meant.
 On my lost beau my mind was not much bent :
 In you, and in Hippolita, your wife,
 I see, my lord, kind parents all thro' life.

Man. Hippolita ! I beg you'll never name,
 To me, at least, that venerable dame.
 She's been a splendid creature in her day,—
 But that, you see, has long since passed away.
 I can no more regard her as my wife—
 I shall dismiss her into private life.

Isa. (*astonished, rising.*) I never knew a nobleman like this is—
 Oh ! 'tis too bad, thus to dismiss his missus !

Man. Your grief for Conrad's loss will end in time,
 And you shall have a husband in his prime :
 No brat, like Conrad, with a hacking cough,
 Whose constant hacking would have cut him off ;
 But one of those robust and healthy fellows,
 Whose lungs are equal to a blacksmith's bellows.
 (*Aside.*) To indicate myself, sure that's enough,
 The bellows gave completeness to the puff.

Isa. Altho' your words I don't quite understand,
 I shall be ready with my heart and hand,
 When my papa comes home, and is content
 To wed me to an eligible gent.
 Till then permit me to devote my life
 In comforting Hippolita, your wife.

Man. Hippolita ! I think I made it clear,
 That woman's name I never wish to hear ;
 She's *passé*, or, as some would term her, slow :
 Would she were somewhat faster on the go !
 In fact, I mean to lay her on the shelf,
 And, for a husband, offer you myself.

DUET.

Isa. I'm all surprise !

Man. Oh ! hear my vows !

Isa. They all are vain ! I'm all surprise !—
 If thus you treat the wife you've got,
 I must expect no better lot—no better lot.

Man. Come, be my spouse—

Oh, hear my vows!

She is no treat, the wife I've got;

I wish to change so bad a lot—so bad a lot.

Isa. You must excuse—I must depart.

Man. Do not refuse this bursting heart.

Isa. I'm all surprise!

I must expect no better lot—no better lot—no, no, no,
no better lot—no better lot!

Man. Change so bad a lot—so bad a lot—yes, yes, yes, yes,
so bad a lot—yes, yes, so bad a lot!

Isa. Can I believe my ears?—these words from you—
Conrad's papa, Hippolita's husband too.

Man. Hippolita, I hereby do divorce:

I'll give her separate maintenance, of course.

Of shabby treatment she shall ne'er complain—

All my French railway shares she shall retain!

I'll settle on her too—nor ask for thanks—

My money in the Paris Savings' Banks.

Such liberal conduct must, as clear as day,

Atone to her for being put away.

And then I claim thee as my bride by right—

Yes, yes, thou shalt be mine this very night.

[The plumes of the helmet rise to the window, and are fearfully agitated.]

Isa. Behold, my lord, that sign!

Man. Fiddle-de-dee!

Think'st thou that feathers ever weigh with me?

Because some demon power attempts to fright one

With a black feather, shall I show the white one?

On being able Manfred's heart to scare,

That plume shall never plume itself, I swear!

[ISABELLA runs out L., and MANFRED is in the act of running after her, when the picture of his grandfather utters a deep sigh.]

Man. What moan was that? it fills me with surprise—
It was a sigh of most unusual size.

[The picture begins to move.]

It moves and sighs again! Why should it grieve?

Oh! can my painted ancestor believe,

That I intend to lower his position,

By sending him to this year's exhibition?

He shows displeasure ! I despise his strictures—
I'll not stand to be canvass'd by old pictures.

[*The SPECTRE advances slowly along the gallery, towards a door, R.—MANFRED follows, and would enter after the SPECTRE, but the door is slammed in his face.*

This rudeness to a person in my station
Completely shuts the door to explanation.
Shade of my ancestor ! thou canst not boast
That thou dost make a gentlemanly ghost.

[*Kicks the door*

I'll after Isabella, nor neglect her,
She's a much better spec. than that old Spectre !

[*Rushes out, L.*

SCENE V.—*Subterranean Vault in the Castle ; it is open at the top, as if some one had dropped in from above, and a portion of the helmet is protruding through the top.*

THEODORE *discovered, R.*

SONG AND RECITATIVE—THEODORE.

The. Zooks ! what a crash, a pretty decent tumble ;
'Neath that great helmet's weight the ground did
crumble ;
And down I came, no bones broke, though sore pepper'd,
Here doomed to stay—what can I do. Why,
I'll sing a little song, that shall not be very long,
But 'twill serve to soothe my sorrow in this place so
drear,

SONG.

AIR.—“ *The merry Swiss Boy.*”

For I'm not like the merry, the merry Swiss Boy,
When he hies to his mountain away.
And I feel I could almost sit down here and cry,
But to cheer me that is not the way,
So I'll laugh and I'll sing, and I'll try to be gay,
And I'll make this place ring, in an odd sort of way ;
That you'll all feel inclined, when you hear me, to say,
Theodore, my brave boy, sing away.

Ai, ai, ai, ai, &c.

'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain, for I can't make them hear,
 Though all night I continue to sing;
 There's no door, there's no knocker; oh! I feel very
 queer;
 And, oh! there's no bell I can ring;
 There's nobody now living over the way,
 And I'm sure I don't wonder that they didn't stay:
 'Tis the last visit here that I wish to pay,
 I'd rather be far, far away.

Ai, ai, ai, ai, &c.

The. What a sad drop. Fortune appears to frown,
 And in the world, I fear, I'm going down.
 Where am I? Fate, alas! my course controuls;
 This vault, does it contain wine, beer, or coals?

Enter from back, ISABELLA, with a deep sigh, U. E. R.

That sound of low complaint makes me incline
 To think I must have got among the wine.
 Don't be alarmed (*approaching her*).

Isa. With fright I'm almost dead—
 It is a man! Oh, should it be Man-fred!

The. Nay, gentle lady, from me do not shrink.

Isa. Sir, I am standing on destruction's brink.
 Save me from falling in.

The. Oh, do not doubt,
 You shan't fall in, but don't let us fall out.

Isa. Then from the Castle tell me how to fly.

The. Though in your service I'm prepared to die,
 The windings of this place I do not know,
 And therefore can't direct you where to go.

Isa. But you can be of use to me, mayhap;
 There should be somewhere here a certain trap.

The. You mean a rat-trap?

Isa. No; a kind of door,
 Marked by a piece of brass upon the floor.

The. How shall we find it? If the moon to-night
 Would but accommodate us with a light—

*[A ray of moonlight streams suddenly with great
 brilliancy, and shews a brass hook upon the floor, c.]*

The. Your wish could not have been accomplished sooner,
 This is exceedingly polite of Lunar.
 The object that you sought I can descry;
 We shall be saved—the hook has caught my eye.

Isa. Now raise the trap-door.

The. (*pulls up trap-door*). What a fearful height!

- Isa.* Upon that ground so dark we must alight.
But perhaps you'd rather where you are remain,
If so, farewell, until we meet again.
- The.* Think'st thou I would desert thee, madam? No!
Though fifty tons of coals were shot below,
I'd stand beside thee, till I chanced to drop,
Our lives brought by the coal—on to full stop.
- Isa.* When to despair our situation reaches
One can't stand listening to heroic speeches.
I must away—you'd better follow straight;
You're lost if to philosophise you wait.

DUET.

- The.* Oh! what a hole! 'tis as black as any nigger!
- Isa.* Psha! never mind! let's be off like a trigger!
- The.* Manfred is small, Miss—I'm very much bigger!
- Isa.* Yes, to be sure, with a very pretty figure!
- The.* Oh, no, Miss!
- Isa.* Oh, yes, sir.
- The.* Oh, no, miss!—mind what I say;
We shall meet again some very fine day.
I'm very much in love, and I've a great mind to tell
her.
- Isa.* Yes, 'pon my word, he's a very pretty feller.
- The.* They say agitation soon cools in a cellar.
- Isa.* The sight of this youth to my grief's a dispeller.
- The.* Good-bye, Miss.
- Isa.* Good-bye, sir, &c., &c., &c.

[*She descends trap, which closes after her.*]

- The.* She's saved! but to myself I now must look;
[*Tries to find the door.*]
The door I cannot find by hook or crook.
Of voices I begin to hear the humming,
As Clown or Pantaloon says—"Somebody coming."

MANFRED *wihout*, U. E. R.

- Man.* I tell you she is here—and in this cellar;
Where's Isabella—Bella—Florrida—bella?
Enter MANFRED, with a number of SERVANTS.
I'll punish her, since I have fail'd to please her
My orders are—The first that sees her seize her.
(*Sees THEODORE.*) How cam'st thou here?
- The.* What right hast thou to ask?

Man I left thee bottled up in yonder casque.

My guards thou hast corrupted—and he dies
Who's base enough with thee to fraternise.

The. My lord, your charges are as false as rash.

As to corruption, have I got the cash?

Man. I know not that;—but tell me, wretched youth,
How cam'st thou here!—Come, sir, let's have the truth.

The. You shall my lord—your highness is aware
The pavement frequently requires repair;
The gas or waterworks can ne'er refrain
From pulling up with all their might their main.

Man. Keep to the point.

The. I wish, my lord, to do it.

[*Points to a hole above.*]

Thou seest that hole; kind fortune saw me through it.

Man. I know not if to credit thee, young slave;
Your life depends on how you may behave:
I'm undecided quite, whether or not
To spare thee, or to kill thee on the spot.

Enter ODONTO, U. E. R. running, in great trepidation.

How now; what means this trepidation? speak:
Pale fear has spread its whitewash o'er thy cheek—
Unto one spot terror will often root us,
Throwing our hair on end—into a Brutus;
And so it is with thee. What does it mean?

Odo. My lord, you can't imagine what I've seen.

Man. Was it a ghost? To hear thee I'm compliant.

Odo. It was a compound of the ghost and giant.

Man. A giant!

Odo. True; and yet I know not whether
It could be called a giant altogether—
It was a leg and foot in armour clad.

Man. A leg and foot! The fellow must be mad:
I never heard a more preposterous talker.
A leg and foot! excuse my saying—walker.

Odo. They match'd the coal black casque.

Man. I'd bet upon it
They are a pair—the black leg and the bonnet;
But I will trace them out, so come with me,
If mischief is a-foot I soon shall see.

Odo. My lord, there's not a servant who engages
To hunt a ghost, included in his wages.

The. Your lordship's enterprise I'd gladly aid;
Of ghost or ghostess I was ne'er afraid:

No leg nor foot can ever make me jump,
To fear a stocking I should be a pump.

Man. I'll trust no eyes except my own : but stay,
If you're disposed to follow me you may.

[*A gigantic leg makes its appearance, U. E. R.*

Odo. Look there ! look there !

The. Surprise I can't controul,
That wandering foot must have a troubled soul.

Man. I'll follow till the mystery is revealed,
That boot may be a spirit unannealed.

[*The Boot retreats. MANFRED and THEODORE follow, U. E. R.*

The. Whate'er thou art, pump, highlow, ankle jack,
Courageously I'll onwards in thy track ;
Or if a Clarence, in a dream I view thee,
False, fleeting, perjured Clarence I pursue thee.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

AIR—"The Cork Leg."

Odo. I wonder who can be the scamp
That keeps his leg upon the tramp,
He must be of the common stamp.
Right too ra loo ra loo ra loo, right too ra loo ra loo
ra loo, right too loo ra lay.

Cho. Right too ra loo, &c.

Man. Had I a vassal worth a dump,
He'd make that most unworthy pump
To a conclusion quickly jump.
Right too ra loo, &c.

The, That highlow did Alfonso use,
But Manfred's Lord it now pursues,
Like quite another pair of shoes.
Right sho too ra loo, &c.

[*The gigantic leg retreats ; MANFRED and THEODORE following, while ODONTO and DOMESTICS steal off in an opposite direction, L.*

SCENE VI.—*Inside of the gates of the Castle of Otranto.*

[*A great knocking is heard without.*

Enter ODONTO, R.

Odo. What means that knocking at the outer gate?
You can't come in—we go to bed at eight.

For master's grog I've taken up the gin :
I tell you once again you can't come in.

Enter VINCENZA pushing ODONTO aside.

SONG—VINCENZA.

Out of the way you dirty vassal,
Fetch me the lord of this here castle.
Hurry now, 'tis getting late ;
Hurry, or I'll crack your pate.
Say a spark of a dark gloomy knight
Comes to claim his own by right :
Right is might, and by this light
I'll have vengeance for this slight.

Thund'ring rage my soul is filling,
Soon the claret I'll be spilling
Of this proud and upstart blade by trade.
To your master cut away,
Go in quick sticks and obey ;
To your master haste away.

Vin. Audacious slave, my entry thus opposing ;
I'll not allow such very early closing.

Enter MANFRED and HIPPOLITA, R.

Man. What's this disturbance ?

Hip. I'm half dead with fright :

For making calls 'tis not the time of night.

Vin. (*Without.*) We are three knights, and each will bring
his train,

If you compel us, Count, to call again.

Hip. Further resistance would on madness border—
Admit each knight.

Man. Yes, if he has an order.

[*The doors are thrown open, the six knights enter, who
carry a gigantic sword. VINCENZA wears a
tremendous plume of black and scarlet feathers.*

Ha ! ha ! I'm glad to see you ; but I fear
We can't accommodate that weapon here.

Hip. That monster sword is brought here, I presume,
To claim acquaintance with the monster plume ;
And see (*looks off*) as if to warrant my suspicion,
The feathers seem to nod in recognition.

Man. (*Looks off*) You're right, and in the circumstance I
read,

I' faith, an odd coincidence, indeed.
What is your business here, sir knight?

Vin. We come

To know if Isabella is at home.
The lady, we in fact, are here to claim,
In her papa's, the Duke Vincenza's name.

Man. Yes, yes; that's very well indeed—no doubt,
But you can't see her, gentlemen; she's out.

Hip. Besides, sir knight, excuse my freedom, pray,
But there are certain small accounts to pay,
Of board and lodging, not a word to speak,
There's twelve years' washing, eighteen pence a-week.

Man. Then there's a rule that's generally approved,
A quarter's notice when a pupil's moved;
Besides, it's very well for you to talk,
But we've not had the usual spoon and fork.

Hip. And pray excuse these mercantile avowals,
We've not received the six accustomed towels.

Vin. For all these matters I avoid a claim,
By asking for her in her father's name.
(*Aside*) How lucky, that in this disguise I sought her,
For there's a heavy lien on my daughter.
(*Aloud*) You'll not object to giving up the maid,
All proper charges will of course be paid:
Her father to discharge all debts is willing,
When it so happens he has got a shilling.
But lately he's so very short, that truly
Even his cheques have not been honoured truly;
And for his bills, his case I'm sure you'll pity,
Like kites they're flying all about the City.

Man. If that's the case, his daughter you will see
Should be surrendered to the assignee;
Besides I've heard it generally said
That the old gentleman has long been dead;
If so, the girl—'tis thus the law inclines—
Goes to the ex'ors, adm'ors, or assigns.

Vin. I'm not a lawyer to discuss a right,
Argue I can't, but I know how to fight.

Hip. Fight with my husband! that can never be,
Unless you are prepared to fight with me:
Shall I behold him mill'd before mine eyes?
Your's are a coward's threats—look at his size.

Man. Well, well; we may arrange this small affair;
Conrad, my son, is dead—perhaps you're aware,
He was, you know, the lady to have wed:
(*Aside to VINCENZA.*) What d'ye say, sir; give her to
me instead?

Vin. Give her to you—why that's a good idea,
That sentiment your wife I think should hear.
Madam, the Count has something to propose.

Man. You need not be officious, sir—she knows.

Hip. His wishes are commands to me, of course,
I'm the grey mare—but he's the better horse.
I hope my gracious lord will not upbraid me.

Man. No, no, my dear. (*aside.*) Jupiter-gammon aid me !
(*aloud.*) You see, sir knight, Hippolita, my wife,
Has been my friend—my prop—my stay, through life.

Hip. And will be to the last.

Man. Yes!—that's embarrassing ;
I'm sure your husband you'll not think of harrassing.

Hip. Embarrass—harrass!—no ! your constant wife,
Would rather, at a word, lay down her life.

Man. Yes, yes,—it's very kind of you to say it :
Lay down your life, indeed !—where can you lay it ?

Vin. This talk seems confidential—only say,
Shall I step out ?—I must be in the way.

Man. No—you're not in the way.

Hip. Ah, me !—I guess
The meaning of that most distressing stress ;
Tell me the worst !—I'm not afraid to know—
Speak but the fatal word—am I *de trop* ?

Man. This sad avowal cuts me to the *core*,
I love you much—but love my duty more.

[HIPPOLITA sobs.

Excuse these tears, sir knight, 'tis hard to suub her,
To see her wailing causes me to blubber !
(*to Vin.*) Sir knight, will you be kind enough to tell
her,

That I propose to marry Isabella !
The truth I meant myself to have imparted—
I never thought I was so tender-hearted.

Vin. (*aside.*) I don't much like the business—but no 'matter,
I'll tell her flat—I'm not disposed to flatter !
Madam, I've by your husband been deputed
To say, he thinks you're not exactly suited—
To say the truth, I'm very much afraid he
Makes up his mind to wed another lady.

Hip. This is too much—thou most audacious knlght !
To talk to me—where did's't thou get the right ?
Cruelty from my husband I must bear—

[*Twitching his wig.*

'Tis well for thee this isn't thine own hair !
 Were I a man, I'd teach thee how to vex
 One of the gentlest of the gentle sex,
 But female as I am, what can avail—
 A petticoat against a coat of *male* !

Vin. Well ! this is the last time, upon my life,
 I'll ever interfere 'twixt man and wife.

Man. But hark ye ! *ma mere gris*, preserve your state—
 My dignified behaviour imitate !
 (*to Vin.*) And you, old cock, though of the Polish breed,
 You've put my monkey up—you have indeed !
 So quit the building—here no more be seen.

Vin. To the cave I go.

Man. Peccavi 'tis you mean.
 Mark me, my friend—this is no common stuff !

[*Pointing to himself.*]

Vin. To mark you, I've a mind !

Man. That's *quantum suf* !

Vin. Peace, blustering railer !

Man. Cease you, too, to bore us !
 List to a voice that's like a double chorus.

[DUET.]

(AIR.—*Bay of Biscay, O !*)

Man. Loud roll my words of thunder,
 The drum split of your ear,
 Your corpse in two I'll sunder,
 And tap you for your bier.

Vin. Your threats are all my eye,
 For you are fighting shy !

Man. My sword I'll lay,
 On you all day,
 Till you cry Peccavi, O !

Vin. Your cocoa nut I'll crack, sir,
 And make you quick turn tail ;
 Like schoolboy, I'll you whack, sir,
 With fright you'd kick the pail.

Man. (*in violent rage, flourishing his sword daringly.*)
 Assail ! assail ! assail !

Vin. You frog that bull would be,
 You shall not bully me.

Man. (laughing derisively.)

A { bob
or
shilling } I'll lay!

Ere ends this day,
You will cry peccavi, O!

[CHORUS and VINCENZA repeat burthen, and all
exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*A Forest, with the mouth of a Cavern on
one side, &c.*

Enter THEODORE hastily, with a drawn sword.

The. At length I've gained the forest—here 'tis said
A hermit hides his venerable head;
His food the berries, and his friend a cat;
His drink the torrent, and the sky his hat;
The pool his foot-bath, and, the truth to tell,
His lodging, like himself, a regular cell!
I've dressed myself in armour very bright,
Though not exceedingly inclined to fight!

SONG—THEODORE.

(AIR—"Jeanet and Jeanot.")

Oh, when folly leads the way who'd be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you that your glory all is gone;
If you win the day, perhaps a general you'll be,
But if you get some awkward raps then diff'rent 'twould be.
Oh, if I were now in France, or could ever pop to Rome,
I suppose I should be fighting, so I'd rather stop at home,
All the world would be at peace, and all things would
go right,
If those who made the quarrels were the only ones to fight.

Enter ISABELLA, R.

Isa. What noise was that?—There's some one on my track!
My gracious! if it should be Spring-heeled Jack!

The. Among the trees, what means that sudden bustle?
Your name?—that rustling seems to answer "Russell."

Isa. 'Tis I! (*falls at his feet.*)

The. That voice I know—its tones reveal
No Russell, but a well remembered Peal—
Surely thou art—

Isa. I am indeed! And you—
Or can I be mistaken?

The. No, 'tis true!

Isa. Thou'rt sent in quest of me?—Oh! don't deny it—
You are a spy, and get your living by it.
To Manfred don't surrender me—you smile—
Trust me, young man, I'll make it worth your while.

The. Fair lady, your suspicions I must spurn,
Altho' I only live by what I earn;
And tho' my earnings now are nought *per diem*,
As to my principles, you shall not buy 'em,
Tho' you illiberally crack and try 'em.

Isa. Your words have re-assured me, noble youth!
They bear the affidavit stamp of truth.

The. Surely you need repose: in yon retreat
'Tis possible that you may find a seat;
That snug recess was formerly a tavern,
Until a hermit took it for a cavern:
He was sold up, for rent long in arrear,
And now the place stands empty, as I hear—
Suppose we take possession.

[*As they are going to enter, VINCENZA darts out, and stops her.*]

Vin. Ho! I say,
My orders are, you cannot pass this way.

The. And who art thou, daring to raise this din?

Vin. A special constable—I'm just sworn in.

The. If that's the fact—excuse my observation—
As a policeman, learn to know your station.

Vin. I'm searching for a maid of rarest beauty.

The. I see, you've entered on policeman's duty.
Pray may I ask, since for a maid you look,
Whether it is the housemaid or the cook?

Vin. Unworthy thought! I am no kitchen knight—
My duty takes me to a higher flight.
Down area steps no beauty can I see—
The drawing room is the area for me.
I'm looking for the lovely Isabella,
So if you chance to see her, p'rhaps you'll tell her.

The. (*aside.*) This fellow's too mysterious by half;
This Special may be one of Manfred's staff.
(*aloud.*) The lady that you seek you cannot see.
If you've a message for her give it me.

Vin. Oh, that I'm not at all inclined to do.

The. Then, by my faith, here goes to give it you.
[Draws and attacks VINCENZA.]

DUET—THEODORE AND VINCENZA.

AIR.—“Punch’s Quadrille.”

The. Now keep your ground, sir.
Vin. I will, you may be bound, sir.
The. On it, you’ll be found, sir.
Vin. Cock-a-doodle-doo! (*They fight.*)
The. Ah! you felt that stroke, sir.
Vin. Pooh! that’s but a joke, sir.
The. Look! (*VIN. turns round.*) there’s another poke
 sir.
Vin. He nearly run me through.
 Sure such a baby
 Can’t my fame demolish.
The. Now then, old gaby,
 Soon you off I’ll polish;
 There.
Vin. Where?
The. Right through your gizzard.
Vin. Oh! I’m diddled!
 There, that’s enough. Excuse—these words, disjointed—
 But your—attack on—me—is—very—pointed.
The. Had your submission, sir, been less distinct,
 Till all is blue you surely had been pink’d;
 But since you cry enough, your life I spare.
Vin. Perhaps who I am, young man, you’re not aware.
The. Acquaintance with you, sir, I cannot claim.
 Have you a card about you with your name?
Vin. I’ve not; but little difference ’twould make,
 For we’ve, I fear, been fighting by mistake.
 I took thee for Count Manfred’s hated tool;
 And you took me—
The. For an egregious fool.
Vin. Sir, I’m the Count Vincenza.
The. Then I doubt
 If in my reckoning I was so much out.
Vin. Send Isabella what I have to say,
 In my weak state, would take at least a day.
The. (*leads ISABELLA from cavern.*)
 I’ve done a thing you won’t approve, mayhap,
 In wounding this respectable old chap.
 He’s a relation of your own, I fear,
 But still, you see, he had no business here.

Isa. You're very right—his was a foolish whim—
He stuck at nothing, and you stuck at him.
I'm very sorry for the aged knight,
But still the verdict must be, "Serve him right."

[*She approaches* VINCENZA.]

Vin. Fair lady, am I right? Can you be she?
If so disguise is useless—I am he.

Isa. Since your identity you thus confess,
And ask if I am she—I answer, yes.

The. These he's and she's puzzle me more and more.
Are you not now what you have been before?

Vin. (*to* ISABELLA.)
When you were young, no bigger than my fist,
I placed a wedding-ring upon your wrist.
Say, is it there?

Isa. I cannot see it.

Vin. Stay,
To trace your birth there is another way.
A cambric handkerchief do you possess?

Isa. I think I've half a dozen, more or less.

Vin. Six proofs instead of one!—I shall go wild.
The 'kerchief shows the tie—my child! my child!

[*They embrace.*]

The. So far so good; but still 'tis doubtful rather!
Tho' she's your daughter, prove how you're her father.

Isa. I've heard it said, by gossips in my youth,
Tho' I can't vouch exactly for the truth,
That in my father's eye there could be seen
A wondrous gooseberry of bottle green.

The. (*looking at* VINCENZA.) The signal you may easily descry;
There is a little green about his eye.

Vin. How wondrously Nature its purpose suits,
Making it easy to detect its fruits.

The. How kind—a gooseberry in your eye to place,
By which to mark the current of your race.

Vin. Back to Otranto's Castle let us go,
Some wholesome truth I'll let Count Manfred know.
In prophecy I'm tolerably skill'd;
The following old one wants to be fulfilled:
"Find an old casque the monster sword to match,
And for your daughter there will be a catch.
One of Alphonso's race will then protect her,
And quiet a respectable old Spectre."

The. These words are full of import, there's no doubt,
If we could only find the meaning out.

Vin. Let's to the castle.

The. Manfred we'll unmask;
I'll have another dip into that casque.

TRIO—VINCENZA, THEODORE, AND ISABELLA.

AIR.—“Zitti, Zitti.”

Vin. As I'm neither dead nor dying,
To the castle let's be hieing,
Or some one will be trying
To bear my belle away.

The. As you're neither dead nor dying,
To the castle let's be hieing,
Or some one will be trying
Or they'll bear the belle away.

Isa. As you're neither dead nor dying,
To the castle let's be hieing,
Or some one will be trying
To bear the belle away.

SCENE VIII.—*A splendid Banqueting Hall, or, if preferable,
a Pavilion, in the Garden belonging to the Castle of Otranto.*

MANFRED, HIPPOLITA, GUESTS, &c., assembled at a
brilliant entertainment.

Man. Come, come, pour out the wine, and let's be merry.
(*to Hip.*) *Toujours cherie*—your taste is *toujours* Sherry.

Hip. Ah, always Sherry! may I not retort,
Your bearing's such, I cannot like your port.

Man. I'll not be angry! Let some eggs be flipp'd—
I'm gay, although Hippolita is hipp'd.
No one shall hip Otranto's lord to-day
Except myself—So hip, hip, hip, hurray!

Hip. This cheerfulness makes you forget, I fear,
That those whom you invited are not here.
Count Frederie of Vincenza—

Man. Ah! well said!
Where has he got to? Frederic—Freddy—Fred!

Hip. My Lord, I fear this boisterous hilarity
Your guests may perhaps mistake for sheer vulgarity.

Man. Be silent, woman! don't be over nice.
See some more dog's-nose put at once in ice.
But, ha! I miss the Lady Isabella!

Enter VINCENZA, THEODORE, and ISABELLA.

Oh ! here she comes ! *(to VIN.)* Why you're a pretty fellow,

To think of coming in so very late !

(to Hip.) Woman ! I bid you write the notes for eight.

Hip. And so I did, my lord, as you could see—

I followed your instructions to a T.

Man. How ! to a T ? this is a gorgeous banquet—

And with a paltry T how dare you rank it ?

Hip. I'm weary of my life !

Man. And so am I—

Of your life, not my own. Why don't you die ?

Hip. This is too much.

Man. Don't talk such idle stuff

Too much ; it seems it is'nt half enough.

My fairest Isabella, here you are,

I've ask'd your hand from your polite papa ;

He's clearly such a gentlemanly man,

That he'll, I'm sure, oblige us if he can.

Isa. Although to you obliging he may be,

He'll never think, sir, of obliging me.

The. If no one else disturb your nuptial plans,

I hereby formally forbid the banns.

Man. Forbid the banns, indeed ! What right have you,

Young blade, to come and cut our loves in two ?

The. By every right—I heard it from a ghost.

Man. That's but a shadow of a claim at most.

Besides, I'll not believe it.

[A noise of chains is heard.]

The. By those sounds

I fancy that the ghost is on his rounds.

Man. Let him approach, I'll show I'm not afraid ;

He'll find I'm not particular to a shade.

[The back of the Banqueting Hall or Pavillion falls down, and a gigantic figure of Alphonso appears in the centre of the ruins.]

Fig. Behold ! Alphonso's heir.

Man. Phantom away !

Alphonso's hair ? He had no hair, I say.

You shall not daunt me, though you look so big :

Alphonso had no hair—he wore a wig.

Vin. Rash man forbear ! I cannot make it out,

But he's Alphonso's heir I do not doubt ;

Where my bread's butter'd, I can see the quarter,

So to young Theodore I give my daughter.

Hip. I'll to a convent.

Man. Ah! you may as well,
And though you ne'er can be the convent belle,
If there's a bell that's always on the ring,
Your tongue for clapper would be just the thing.
My course is easy—first my ducal crown,
Like other potentates, shall I lay down!
No! I won't imitate the coward host,
But royally continue at my post;
E'en for my sovereignty I need not fear,
For loyalty is universal here.

FINALE.

THEODORE.

AIR.—“The Queen, God bless her!”

A bumper of Haymarket fill fill for me,
Give those who prefer't Drury Lane!
I'm always delighted a bumper to see,
Yes a bumper again and again.
And now, when the cares of the night are gone by,
Though in person we cannot address her,
We'll all fill our goblets and join in the cry,
Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her.

Man. } With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

& Chor. } Come all you jolly good fellows.

(*Spoken.*) Gentlemen, I believe you were all charged as
you came in.

(*Sung.*) A health to the Queen we cry.

Disposition of Characters.

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			MANFRED.			
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